

Ref
R A N
A B R I D G E M E N T
O F
DR. WATTS'S PSALMS and HYMNS,
WITH SOME ALTERATIONS.
TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING
Some HYMNS, selected from other AUTHORS.

I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Under-
standing also.

1 Cor. xiv. 15.

Where any unpleasing word is found, he that leads the wor-
ship may substitute a better; for (blessed be God) we are
not confined to the words of any man in our public so-
lemnities.

WATTS'S PREFACE TO HIS HYMNS.

B I R M I N G H A M:

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THE Editors of the present Publication being of opinion, that Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, on account of the plainness of their stile, the smoothness of their versification, and their devotional spirit, are peculiarly proper for religious worship, and at the same time, regarding some sentiments and expressions which they contain as exceptionable, have engaged in this undertaking, in order to promote their own satisfaction and that of their fellow christians, who think that public forms of devotion should be drawn up on so general a plan, as that all, if possible, may join in them. Having in the execution of it acted according to the best of their judgment, they recommend it to the candor of those into whose hands it may fall, and sincerely wish and pray that it may assist them in singing the divine praises in the house of God, and in the family, and be the means of exciting and cherishing those pious affections which will best prepare them for joining in the services of the blest Society above.

W. WOOD.

B. CARPENTER;



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O Lord

Psaln.

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PSALMS OF *DAVID*,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF
THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shunsth the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he hears or reads the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 At length in judgment shall he stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right-hand
Appoints his saints a place.

P S A L M III. L. M.

- 1 **O** Lord, how many are my fears,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
But when a threatening ill appears,
My refuge and defence is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day
To thee I rais'd an evening cry :
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help is nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid
I laid me down to rest secure ;
No dangers made my heart afraid,
Nor have I slept to wake no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night :
Salvation doth to God belong ;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

P S A L M IV.. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With mine own heart and thee.

PSALMS.

3

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to
I'll give mine eyes to sleep; [peace,
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where *Christ* is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Lord to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.
- 5 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;

The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM VIII. S. M.

- 1 **O** Lord, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies :
- 3 When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing
A-kin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are !
And wond'rous are thy ways :
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

PSALMS.

5

PSALM VIII. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place!
- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!
- 3 But O what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy son adorn
Who condescended to be born!
- 4 See him below the angels made;
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a fallen world from Sin:
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 5 The world to come redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. C. M.

- 1 **I'**LL sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his justice known.

A 3

Then

- 2 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd ;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace ;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 4 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his awful word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

P S A L M XV. C. M.

- 1 **W**H O shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness ?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace ?
 - 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.
 - 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor flanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
 - 4 He envies not the wealthy great,
Loves all that fear the Lord ;
- And

PSALMS.

27

And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor.
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM XV. L. M.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy
face?

The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is
clean; (mean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they
No slanders dwell upon his tongue:
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good.]

- 4 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

- 5 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face:

And

And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

- 6 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM XVI. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM XVI. C. M.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe ;
In thee my trust I place,
Tho'

PSALMS.

9

Tho' all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't;
The saints the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Many, alas! to idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
He daily fills my cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death nor hell my hope shall move
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVII. L. M.

1 **L**Ord, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
If men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

Their

- 2 Their hope and portion lie below;
 'Tis all the happiness they know,
 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
 And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
 I shall behold thy blissful face.
 And stand compleat in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near, and like my God!
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
 And in my Saviour's image rise. (prize,

PSALM XIX. First Part. S. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
 Declares its maker God,
 And all his starry works on high
 Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same;

While

PSALMS.

11

While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the surface pass'd,
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM

PSALM XIX. Second Part. S. M.

- ✓ 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n;
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

PAUSE.

- 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

Warn

7 Warn me of every sin,
 Forgive my secret faults,
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad;
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. L. M.

1 THE Heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines:
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand:
 So when thy truth begun its race,
 It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
 'Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
 'Till *Christ* has all the nations blest
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;

B

Thy

Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 6 Thy noblest wonders, Lord, we view
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :
O cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. As the 113th Psalm.

1 **G**REAT God, the heaven's well order'd
frame,

Declares the glories of thy name :

There thy rich works of wonder shine,
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.

- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice :
The sun like some young bridegroom
drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth re-
joice.

Where-

- 4 Where-e'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his maker God :
All nature joins to shew thy praise :
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw :
These are my study and delight ;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threatnings wake my slumbring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain :

Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 If I have read thy book of grace
 And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM XXIII. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord;
 Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
 His providence and holy word
 Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me for his mercy's sake
 In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 Surely the mercies of the Lord
 Attend his household all their days;
 There

There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

PSALM XXIII. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk thro' the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.
- 5 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;

B 3

Since

Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5 My daily wants he knows,
And doth my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM XXIV. C. M.

1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam's* numerous race ;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas,

But

- 2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of *Jacob's* face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal powers,
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The king of glory's near.
- 5 The king of glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. L. M.

1. **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and
birds:
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky,
Who shall ascend that blest abode;
And dwell so near his maker God?

He

3 He that abhors and fears to sin, [clean,
Whose heart is pure whose hands are
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race
That seek the God of *Jacob's* face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PSALM XXV. S. M.

1 **W**Here'er the man be found,
That fears t'offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod;

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant shew,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their soul shall dwell at ease
Before their maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALMS.

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PSALM XXVII. First Part. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
The most alarming foe.
- 2 This privilege thy grace bestows;
I'm blest with an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my fears around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children seek my grace",
My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

Let

- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and
Leave me to want or die, [dear
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord ye trembling faints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXIX. L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempests, hail and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around;

The

The fearful hart and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the desarts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts:
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. L. M.

1 I Will extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice, and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM XXXI. C. M.

- 1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit ;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.
- 3 "*My times are in thy hand, I cry'd,*
" Tho' I draw near the dust :"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
- 4 O make thy reconciled face,
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

- 5 ['Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
"*I must despair and die,*
"*I am cut off before thine eyes ;"*
But thou hast heard my cry.]
- 6 Thy goodness how divinely free !
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises.

O love

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 To Heaven his praises send;
 He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And be your constant friend.

PSALM XXXII. S. M.

1 **O** Blessed souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound,
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXIII. C. M.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you:
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just and true.

2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let Heaven and earth proclaim;

C

His

His works of nature and of grace,
Reveal his wond'rous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay
And knows our feeble mould.

7 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice, [voice,
Your maker's praise becomes your
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
 And the whole earth his goodness proves,
 His word the heavenly arches spread;
 How wide they shine from north to south!
 And by the spirit of his mouth
 Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
 Those wat'ry treasures know their place
 In the vast storehouse of the deep;
 He spake, and gave all nature birth,
 And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
 A God of such resistless power,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your
 But his eternal counsel stands, [hands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIV. L. M.

1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my
 My soul shall glory in thy grace, [tongue:
 While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 Come, let us all exalt his name;
 I fought th' eternal God, and he
 Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
 My secret groaning reach'd his ears;

He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. C. M.

1 I'LL blefs the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that us'd to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

He

4 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills his heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.

5 O love the Lord ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

PSALM XXXIV. Second Part. C. M.

1 **C**ome, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
 Both man and beast thy bounty share,
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort
 The sons of *Adam* in distress [springs!
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promis'd in thy word.

P S A L M XXXVI. C. M.

- 1 **THY** justice, Lord, maintains its throne,
 Tho' mountains melt away;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep unfathom'd sea.
- 2 Above these Heavens created rounds,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend:
 Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds
 Where time and nature end.
- 3 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beast;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy children chuse to rest.
- 4 From thee, when creature-streams run
 And mortal comforts die, [low,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 5 Tho' all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day
 Where clouds can never rise,

P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **MY** God, the steps of pious men,
 Are order'd by thy will;
 Though

Though they should fall, they rise again.
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain
When justice casts them down.

5 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

6 I to my God my ways commit,
And chearful wait his will; (feet,
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful
Shall my desires fulfil.

7 Behold the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXIX. 1st part. C. M.

- 1 **T**Each me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame,
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall,
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;

But

But I am dumb before thy throne
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

6 But if my life be spar'd a while
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. C. M.

1 I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 Firm

- 2 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my chearful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 3 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 4 How many are thy thoughts of love !
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.
- 5 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM XLII. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 I cast myself before his feet,
And said, "My God, my heavenly rock,
" Why doth thy love so long forget
" The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?
- 3 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope

Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

- 4 Yet will the Lord command his love
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove ;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 5 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM XLIV. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there :
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controuls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 *Sion* enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r

PSALM XLVIII. S. M.

1 **F**AR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy faints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let *Judah* stand
On *Sion's* chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well :

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The chearful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !

D

Beyond

Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

P S A L M L. C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious
Fields,
" And flocks and herds are mine,
" O'er all the cattle of the hills
" I claim a right divine.
- 2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
" Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;
" To hope, and love, to pray and praise,
" Is all that I require.
- 3 " Call upon me when trouble's near,
" My hand shall set thee free ;
" Then shall thy thankful lips declare
" The honour due to me.
- 4 " The man that offers humble praise;
" He glorifies me best :
" And those that tread my holy ways
" Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM L. To the old proper tune.

1 THE GOD of glory sends his summons
forth, [north;

Calls the south nations, and awakes the
From east to west his sov'reign orders
spread, [dead.

Thro' distant worlds and regions of the
*The trumpet sounds; bell trembles; heaven
rejoices;* [voices.

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful-

2 " Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near;
let all things come

" To hear my justice and the sinner's doom;

" But gather first my saints; (the Judge
commands) [lands.

" Bring them, ye angels from their distant

*When Christ returns, wake every chearful
passion,* [vation.

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-

3 " Behold my covenant stands for ever
good,

" Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,

" And sign'd with all their names; the
Greek, the Jew, [new.

" That paid the ancient worship or the

*There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven
rejoices.*

D 2

4 " Here

4 " Here (saith the Lord) ye angels,
 spread their thrones, [my sons.
 " And near me seat my favourites and
 " Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys
 prepar'd
 " Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward.

*When Christ returns, wake every chearful
 passion, [tion.
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salva-*

P A U S E.

5 " I am the saviour, I th' almighty God,
 " I am the judge: ye heavens proclaim
 abroad
 " My just eternal sentence, and declare
 " Those awful truths that sinners dread
 to hear.

*When GOD appears, all nature shall adore
 him; [him.
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before*

6 " Not for the want of goats or bullocks
 slain [are vain
 " Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats
 " Without the flames of love: In vain
 the store [before.
 " Of brutal offerings that were mine

*Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore
 him; [him.
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before*

EPIPHONEMA.

7 Sinners awake betimes; repent, be wise;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
 Change your vain thoughts, your crook-
 ed works amend, [friend.

Receive the saviour, make the judge your

*Then join the saints; wake every chearful
 passion, [vation.*

When Christ returns, he comes for your sal-

PSALM LI. L. M.

1 SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great but not surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace:
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hovering round thy
 word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

PSALM LI. C. M.

- 1 **O** God of mercy hear my call,
 My loads of guilt remove,
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain
 For sin could e'er atone ;
 The death of *Christ* shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
 My God will ne'er despise ;
 A humble groan, a broken heart
 Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM LV. S. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH sinners take their course,
 And chuse the road to death ;
 Yet in the worship of my God,
 I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My

- 2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thus I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 4 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

PSALM LVII. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake

Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns;
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains.
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LXII. L. M.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the ballance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once

- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. C. M.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit fains away,
Without thy chearing grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,

Or

Or raise so high my chearful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

- 6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 With heart and eyes and lifted hands
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 3 With early feet I love t'appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face,
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 4 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my chearful passion so.
- 5 My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

Amidst

P S A L M S.

4

- 6 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 7 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. S. M.

- 1 **MY** God permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,

And

And on thy watchful providence
My chearful hope relies.

- 6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXV. L. M.

- 1 **A**T God's command the morning-ray
Smiles in the *East* and leads the day,
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of *Western* hills.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.
- 3 'Tis from his watry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;
He walks upon the clouds and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the valleys yield ;
The valleys shout with chearful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
- 5 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play ;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 6 Thy

- 6 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Thro' every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M LXV. First Part. C. M.

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains
God of eternal power; (stand,
The sea grows calm at thy command,
The tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring:
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine:
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring :
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs :
The meadows dress'd in all their pride
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain
Promise a joyful crop ;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns ;
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVII. C. M.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst this isle exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround our native land.]
- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice :
Whilst British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He the great Lord, the sovereign judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown this happy isle,
With fruitfulness and peace.

PSALM LXVIII. L. M.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and
food ;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To chear the fruits, to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death ;
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak and guards the strong.
- 4 His pow'rful hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth, or deeper seas ;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinners shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His

- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats or bullocks blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t'advance the praise.

PSALM LXXI. First Part. C. M.

- 1 **MY** God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;

And round me let thy glory shine,
When-e'er thy servant dies.

- 5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days;
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father-God.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my king!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 5 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM

PSALM LXXII. L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds
obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His Justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th'oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last.
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were-I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXXIV. First Part. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
When far from these my spirit fairs
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! ne'er let me be
Absent from heav'nly joys and thee.
- 3 Blest

- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to *Zion's* gate;
 God is their strength; and thro' the road
 They lean upon their helper God.
- 6 Chearful they walk with growing
 strength,
 'Till all shall meet in Heaven at length.
 'Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second Part. L. M.

- 1 Great God, attend while *Zion* sings
 The joy that from thy presence
 springs;
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Tho' I enjoy'd the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of Grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too:
 He gives us all things, and with-holds
 No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our king, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 And devils at thy presence flee,
 Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. C. M.

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts!
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
 Tho' in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great monarch of the skies
 His saving pow'r displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,
 With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 Whilst Christ reveals his wondrous love,
 And sheds abroad his grace,
 Our hearts with grateful passions move,
 And pleasure fills the place.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of thy will;

And

And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

6 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

7 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148th.

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;

My

My spirit faints,
 With equal zeal
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To *Zion's* hill.

- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our king
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

P A U S E.

- 5 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside.
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door,
 Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence ;
 He shall bestow
 On *Jacob's* race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXVI. C. M.

1 **A**Mong the princes, earthly Gods,
 There's none hath power divine :
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
 Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
 Their offerings round thy throne :
 For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
 For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet ;
 Teach me thine heavenly ways,

And

And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my father's praise.

- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII. L. M.

- 1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows:
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old?
What wonders are of Zion told?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and greek and jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born or nourish'd there!

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord ;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure ;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of *David* held
The promi.'d *jewish* throne!
But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To *David's* greater son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear
And tremble at his word.

2 How

- 2 How terrible thy glories be!
 How bright thine armies shine!
 Where is the power that vies with thee?
 Or truth compar'd with thine?
- 3 The *northern* pole and *southern* rest
 On thy supporting hand;
 Darkness and day from *East* to *West*
 Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging wind controul,
 And rule the boist'rous deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
 And the dark world of hell;
 How did thine arm in judgment shine
 When *Egypt* durst rebel!
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wond'rous is thy grace;
 While truth and mercy join'd in one
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. Third Part C. M.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Thro' their Redeemer's name;

His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor *Satan* dares condemn.

- 3 The Lord our glory and defence
Strength and salvation gives :
Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. As the 113th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours ! how short his
span !

Short from the cradle to the grave :
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death
With skill to fly, or power to save ?

- 2 Hast thou not promis'd to thy son,
And all his seed a heavenly crown ?
But flesh and sense indulge despair ;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

- 3 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach and pain ;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

PSALM XC. First Part. C. M.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return ye sons of men :
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by thy flood,
And lost in following years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;

They

They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. Second Part. C. M.

1 **R**ETURN, O God of love return;
On earth we need thy grace
To chear our spirits, while we mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys encrease.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own works compleat,
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble picce
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first !
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay :
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea :
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM XCI. L. M.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then

- 2 Then will I say, " my God, thy power
 " Shall be my fortress and my tow'r :
 " I that am form'd of feeble dust
 " Make thine almighty arm my trust.
- 3 Just as a hen protects her brood,
 From birds of prey that seek their blood,
 Under her feathers, so the Lord
 Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 4 If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire,
 God is their life, his wings are spread
 To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 5 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
 Receive commission from the Lord,
 To strike his saints among the rest,
 Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 6 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
 Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
 From sins and sorrows set them free,
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M X C I. C. M.

- 1 Y E sons of men, a feeble race,
 Expos'd to every snare,
 Come make the Lord your dwelling-
 And try, and trust his care. [place,
- 2 He'll give his angels charge to keep
 Your feet in all their ways ;

To

To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

- 3 " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them (saith the Lord)
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction, and the sword.

- 4 " My grace shall answer when they call
" In trouble I'll be nigh :
" My power shall help them when they
fall,
" And raise them when they die.

- 5 " Those that on earth my name have
" I'll honour them in heaven; [known,
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be given."

PSALM XCII. First Part. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and
sing,
To shew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found
Like *David's* harp of solemn sound!

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy

Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine !

How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : he dwells in light
Girded with majesty and might :
The world created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain

Vain floods that aim their rage so high;
At thy rebuke the billows die.

- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

PSALM XCV. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord *Jehovah's* name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;

G

O may

O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest his awful voice declare,
“*Ye shall not see my rest.*”

PSALM XCV. S. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise :
God is a sovereign king ; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word :
He is our shepherd, we the sheep ;
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our hardned hearts renew
The sins and plagues that *Israel* knew.
- 4 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to *Zion's* heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM XCVI. As the 113th.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless *Jehovah's* name :
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord ;
The wond'ring nations read thy word.

In *Britain* is Jehovah known :
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made,
 Our maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns compleat in glory there :
 His beams are majesty and light ;
 His beauties how divinely bright !
 His temple how divinely fair !

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name :
 Then shall the race of men confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. L. M.

1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :
 Though clouds and darkness vail his feet
 His dwelling is the mercy seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame .
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
 Are for the saints in darkness sown :

Those

Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise
And the bright harvest bleſs our eyes.

- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E iſlands of the *Northern* ſea
Rejoice, the ſaviour reigns :
His word like fire prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His preſence ſinks the proudeſt hills
And makes the valleys riſe ;
The humble ſoul enjoys his ſmiles,
The haughty ſinner dies.
- 3 The heav'ns his rightful power proclaim
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worſhippers with ſhame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Rejoicing angels at his birth
Made the redeemer known ;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes ſhall tremble at his ſight,
And hills and ſeas retire :
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.

- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
 For saints in darkness here,
 Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown
 And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM XCVIII. First Part. C. M.

- 1 **T**O our almighty God,
 New honours be addrest;
 His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to *Abraham* first,
 His truth fulfils his grace;
 The *Gentiles* make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all her different tongues;
 And spread the honours of his name
 In melody and songs.

PSALM XCVIII. Second Part. C. M

- 1 **J**OY to the world; the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her king:
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. S. M.

1 EXalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet :
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his feat.

2 When *Israel* was his church,
When *Aaron* was his priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his judgments known
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;

Still

Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. First Part. L. M.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign king:
Serve him with chearful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Part. L. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The *British* Isles shall send the noise
A cross the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy:
Know

- Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sov'reign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when likewandring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again,
- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name?
- 5 We'll croud thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CIII. First Part. L. M.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home my thoughts that rove
abroad,
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:

Why

Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 4 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 5 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the sufferers rest:
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.
- 6 [His power he shew'd by *Moses*' hands,
And gave to *Israel* his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his son.
- 7 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. Second Part. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are his ways
How firm his truth! how large his
grace!

He

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- He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the *West*,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins:
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 5 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust:
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 6 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
As morning flowers that fade at noon.
- 7 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor childrens children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. First Part S. M.

- 1 O Bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness;
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by *Moses* known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved son.

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PSALM CIII. Second Part. S. M.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath ;
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning-flower :

H

If

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. Third Part. S. M.

1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign king,
Hath fix'd his throne on high:
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their king,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV. L. M.

1 **V**AST are thy works Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word.
And

And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

2 While each receives his different food,
Their chearful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

3 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath and spirit, all is thine.

4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

5 His works, the wonders of his might
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

6 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke.
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

7 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

PSALM CVII. L. M.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God: He reigns above
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is
 His mercy ages past have known [love,
 And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of his grace record;
Israel the nation whom he chose,
 And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 In their distress to God they cry'd,
 God was their saviour and their guide;
 He led their march far wandring round;
 'Twas the right path to *Canaan's* ground

4 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.

5 O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his
 ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CXI. First Part. C M.

1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my Almighty God;

He

P S A L M S.

He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought !

How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have fought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise th' eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. Second Part. C. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord ; his works of
Demand our noblest songs : [might
H 3 Let

Let his assemb'ed saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His son, the great redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM CXII. L. M.

- 1 **T**Hrice happy man who fears the Lord
Loves his commands and trusts his
word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
He gives them, not to be repaid:
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings
spread
That fill his neighbours round with
dread,

His

His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

His soul well fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

PSALM XCII. C. M.

1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprize
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joy above
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM

P S A L M S.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.
- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

PSALM CXIII. L. M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty king,
In every age his praises sing;
Wheree'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor

Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of *Adam* dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love, he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

PSALM CXVI. C. M.

1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy fight?
How precious is their blood?

4 How

- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record ;
 Witness ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. C. M.

- 1 O All ye nations praise the Lord,
 Each with a different tongue,
 In every language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns thro' every land ;
 Proclaim his grace abroad ;
 For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
 Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the creator's praise arise :
 Let the redeemer's name be sung
 Thro' every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal.

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- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to
 shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVII. S. M.

- 1 **THY** name, Almighty Lord,
 Shall sound thro' distant lands :
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word :
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,
 He call the hours his own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead ;
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who

Who comes in God his father's name
To save our sinful race.

- 4 *Hosanna* in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXVIII. S. M.

- 1 **SEE** what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
Though slighted by the Jews.

- 2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did *Jesus* rise.

- 3 We hail the glorious day;
That our redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

- 4 *Hosanna* to the king
Of *David's* royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints: He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

- 5 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXIX. First Part. C. M.

- 1 **B**lest are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from the law depart,
And fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the
Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

PSALM CXIX. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I chuse the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice:
I Not

Not all the riches of the earth,
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes :
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from the path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace,

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord ;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place ;
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part C. M.

1 **H**OW shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ;
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,

The

The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Part. C. M.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Thro' all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be;"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
 At some good word of thine,
 Not mighty men that share the spoil
 Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth Part. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my
 My lasting heritage; [choice
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While thro' the promises I rove,
 With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

PSALM CXIX. Sixth Part. C. M.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
 How good thy works appear!
 Open mine eyes to read thy word,
 And see thy wonders there.

- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due,
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.
- 4 When I confes'd my wandring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.
- 5 If GOD to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.
- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

PSALM CXIX. Seventh Part. C. M.

- 1 O That the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

- 2 O send thy spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart !
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. Eighth Part. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought
 O let me never stray [thy face,
 From thy commands, O God of grace,
 Nor tread the sinner's way.

Thy

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard,
From ev'ry rising sin.
- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.
- 4 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threatnings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.
- 5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. Ninth Part. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
- 2 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.
- 3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,

My

My soul oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

5 Before I knew thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. Tenth Part. C. M.

1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in the way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickning powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours,

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run thy heavenly road?

5 Does

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickning power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. · Last Part. L. M.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastizing rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my chearful passions more
Than all the treasures of the *South*,
Or *Western* hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within;

Teach

Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXXI. L. M.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the
flood;
The heav'ns, with all their hosts he made
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil and keeps
The silent hours, while *Israel* sleeps.
- 4 *Israel*, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprize.

PSALM CXXI. C. M.

- 1 **T**O Heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid :
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 *Israel* rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ his power,
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go, and return secure from death,
'Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. As the 148th.

- 1 **U**Pward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :

God

God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes.
That never sleep
Shall *Israel* keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
*"In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day!"*
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church adorn'd with grace
 Stands like a palace built for God
 To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair,
 The son of *David* holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest!
- 5 My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper Tune.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,

K

Come

*Come, let us seek our GOD to-day;
Yes, with a chearful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.*

2 *Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.*

3 *There David's greater son
Has fix'd his royal thrône,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.*

4 *May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!*

5 *My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.*

Repeat the 4th stanza if the tune be double.

PSALM CXXIV. L. M.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may *Israel* say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our
fide,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with chearful wing
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cruel snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in *Jehovah's* name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the
skies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful
eyes.

PSALM CXXV. S. M.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What tho' the father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

PSALM CXXVI. C. M.

1 THE Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

2 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,

They

P S A L M S.

113

They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

- 3 Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. L. M.

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost,
If God the city do not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What tho' we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun the poverty we dread;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love!!

PSALM CXXX. C. M.

- 1 I Wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul invited by thy word
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 2 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning-skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :
- 3 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.
- 4 Then in the Lord, let *Israel* trust,
Let *Israel* seek his face ;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.
- 5 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd ;
The great redeemer is his son :
And *Israel* shall be sav'd

PSALM CXXX. L. M.

FROM deep distress and troubled
thoughts,

To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries :

If

- If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI. C. M.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 Thy

- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
 Shall have a large reward :
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. L. M.

- 1 **WHERE** shall we go to seek and find
 An habitation for our God,
 A dwelling for th' eternal mind
 Amongst the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of *Jacob* chose the hill
 Of *Zion* for his ancient rest ;
 And *Zion* is his dwelling still,
 His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 Here I will fix my gracious throne,
 And reign for ever saith the Lord ;
 Here shall my power and love be known,
 And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 And fill their souls with living bread ;
 Sinners that wait before my door
 With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and cloath'd with
 grace,
 My priests, my ministers, shall shine ;
 Not *Aaron*, in his costly dress
 Made an appearance so divine.

6 The

- 6 The faints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her king.

PSALM CXXXII. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To *Zion* the whole nation came,
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where-e'er thy saints assemble now
There is a house for God.
- 3 Arise, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 4 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 5 Here, mighty God, accept our vows
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 6 Here let the son of *David* reign,
Let God's anointed shine;

Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

- 7 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And love subdue his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose chearful hearts unite
In bands of piety!
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the
spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole:
- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on *Sion's* hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. S. M.

- 1 **B**Lest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please.
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII. As the 122d.

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

PSALM CXXXIV. C M.

1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal king,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift

2 Lift up your hands by morning-light,
 And send your souls on high;
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.

3 The God of *Zion* cheers our hearts
 With rays of quickning grace;
 The God that spreads the heavens
 abroad,
 And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
 While in his holy courts ye wait,
 Ye saints, that to his house belong,
 Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
 To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel, he chose of old, and still
 His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
 He treats his servants as his friends;
 And when he hears their sore complaints,
 Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' every age the Lord declares
 His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod
 He gives his suffering servants rest,
 And will be known *Tb' Almighty GOD.*

5 Bless

- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
 People and priests exalt his name :
 Amongst his saints he ever dwells ;
 His church is his *Jerusalem*.

PSALM CXXXV. C. M.

- 1 **A** Wake, ye saints : to praise your king
 Your sweetest passions raise,
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
 Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
 Are his divine employ :
 But still his saints are near his throne,
 His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand ;
 He bids the vapours rise ;
 Lightning and storm at his command
 Sweep thro' the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have
 Is found with him alone ; [claim'd
 But *beathen* gods should ne'er be nam'd
 Where our *Jehovah's* known.
- 5 O *Britain*, know thy living God,
 Serve him with faith and fear ;
 He makes thy churches his abode,
 And claims thine honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord ;

L

The

The sovereign King of kings:
And be his grace ador'd.

*His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.*

- 2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.

*Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.*

- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.

*His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.*

- 4 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The fallen world was in.

*Thy mercy, Lord
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.*

- 5 He sent his only son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, Sin and Death,
And every hurtful foe.

*His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.*

- 6 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King:
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

*Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.*

PSALM CXXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise:
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
*Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
*His mercies ever shall endure
When lords and kings are known no more.*

- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
*Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his son with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII. L. M.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart- and
tongue
I'll praise my maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotion there,
While

While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

3. I'll sing thy truth, and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.
4. The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Restrains the proud and rules the great,
And from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.
5. Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
6. Grace will compleat what grace begins,
To save from sorrows, or from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. L. M.

1. **L**ORD thou hast search'd and seen me
thro'; [view
Thine eye commands with piercing;
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

- 3 Within thy circling power I stand
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight [light;
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in
Or dive to hell where darkness reigns,
I'm still within thy wide domains.
- 6 If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Wou'd kindle darkness into day.
- 8 O may these thoughts possess my breast^s
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, search my soul, try ev'ry
thought,
'Tho' my own heart accuse me not,
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

Doth

- 2 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way!

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. C. M.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord

Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hands my heart and reins possess'd ;
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part : [laid
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind !
Shew me thy wond'rous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
The blessings of thy grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Part. C. M.

1 **L**Ord, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprize ;
Nor all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,

And

And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

- 3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLI. L. M.

- 1 **MY** God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Kindly reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLIV. C. M.

- 1 **FOR** ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care,
 Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
 And guards me thro' the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
 Does my weak courage raise;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

PSALM CXLV. L. M.

1 **MY** GOD, my king, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days:
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue
 Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
 Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine;
 And speak thy majesty divine;
 Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim
 The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise.
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But

- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM CXLV. First Part. C. M.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My king, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their chearful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;

And

And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. Second Part. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly king;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty
And ev'ry want supplies. [shines,
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. Third Part. C. M.

- 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy

Thy strengthening hands uphold the
And raise the poor that fall. [weak,

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

PSALM CXLVI. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

His to his M. Praise

- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and
pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On *Israel's* God : he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure :
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints he knows them well,
And saves their souls from death and
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ; [hell:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

- 1 I'LL praise my maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and
pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On *Israel's* God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind:
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience
peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
And saves their souls from death and
hell :

Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First Part. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to
raise

Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,
And gathers nations to his name :
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly
flames, [names:
He counts their numbers, calls their
His

His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are
drown'd.

- 4 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 5 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 6 But fairs are lovely in his sight :
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. Second Part. L. M.

- 1 **O** *Britain*, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known
abroad;
He bid the Ocean round thee flow :
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blest ;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest ;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later rains ;

His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground ;
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound :
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold ?

5 He bids the *Southern* breezes blow ;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow :
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the *Britons* to his praise.

6 To all the isle his laws are shown ;
His gospel thro' the nation known ;
Since he hath thus reveal'd his word
And blest our land : praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. C. M.

1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding
loud

Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat ;
He hears the ravens cry ;

But

But man who tastes his finest wheat
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

1 YE tribes of *Adam*, join
With heaven and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

Thou

2 Thou sun with dazling rays,
And moon that rules the night
Shine to your maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly,
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past :
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.

In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.

When

When light'nings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

6 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear.
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

7 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join :
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

8 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. L. M.

Note, This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every Stanza, (viz.)

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how large his mercies be.
- 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 3 Awake ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
- 4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

- 5 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 6 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 7 Birds, ye must make his praise your
theme,
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up and mean his praises too.
- 8 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings!
- 9 Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 10 *Jehovah*! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 11 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which *Gabriel* plays on every chord:
From

From all below and all above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. S. M.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest ;

But

But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE.

7 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal king;
Judges adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

8 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feeble voices try.

9 United zeal be shown.
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

10 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest,
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX.

1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with chearful voice
His later wonders shew.

2 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

N

3 Saints

- 3 Saints should be joyful in their king
 E'en on a dying bed :
 And like the souls in glory sing,
 For God shall raise the dead.
- 4 Then God's high praise shall fill their
 His name shall be ador'd ; (tongues,
 And mercy tune their loudest songs,
 The mercy of the Lord.
- 5 When *Christ* his judgment-seat ascends,
 And bids the world appear,
 Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
 Who humbly lov'd him here.

PSALM CL.

- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his
 His grace he there reveals ; (praise,
 To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds ;
 But the great work of saving love
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest ;
 Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

END OF THE PSALMS.

HYMNS

H Y M N S.

HYMN I. C. M.

- 1 NOW let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov' reign word.
- 2 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky
And float on softer air.
- 3 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 4 Out of the deep th' Almighty King
Did living creatures frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.
- 5 He gave the lion and the worm,
At once their wond'rous birth,

And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

6 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Tho' sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest'd.

7 Thus glorious in the maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

8 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN II. L. M.

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately
frame;

Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He

He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gathered in :
Then for the trumpets awful blast,
To shake it all to dust again.
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And light'ning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN III. C. M.

- 1 I Sing th' almighty power of God,
That bade the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye :

- If I survey the ground I tread
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord
Who is for ever nigh ?

HYMN IV. L. M.

- 1 NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the creator and the king :
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Begin to make his glories known
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne,
Tune your harps high, and spread the
sound
To the creation's utmost bound.
- 3 All mortal things of meaner frame
Exert your force and own his name ;
Whilst

- Whilst with our souls and with our voice,
We sing his honour and our joys.
- 4 Thus let our pious zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 5 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN V. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore,
Their former and their king.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath,
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And

And rocks and trees, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course,
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN VI. L. M.

1 GREAT God, thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy,
My lips in songs of honor bring
Their tribute to th' eternal king.

2 Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend with safety on his throne ;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own the Lord.

3 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he commands, who dare oppose ?
With strength he girds himself around
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will ?

His

His wisdom like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

5 The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

6 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
Whilst his own son came down and died
T'engage his justice on our side.

7 Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

8 O tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God and I'll rejoice;
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

HYMN. VII. As the 148th Psalm.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine,
With beams so bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

And rocks and trees, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course,
Around the steady pole.

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His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine,
With beams so bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe;
 His truth and justice stand,
 To guard his holy law.
 And, where his love
 Resolves to bless
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty king
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name
 My father and my friend?
 I love his name,
 I love his word,
 Join, all my pow'rs
 And praise the Lord.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
 Th' eternal uncreated mind?
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
 And what can mortals know or tell?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky
 And all the shining worlds on high.

3 God is a king of pow'r unknown;
 Firm are the orders of his throne:

If he resolve, who dare oppose
Or ask him why, or what he does?

- 4 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 5 He frowns and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 6 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 7 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

Hymn IX. L. M.

- 1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
To glance a thought half-way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great eternal reigns alone,
Where

Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the toplest throne.

- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies;
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

Hymn X. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our

5 Our lives through various scenes are
drawn

And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

Hymn XI. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly tribes amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
- 4 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
And shall the men that trace the seas,
Bold men! refuse their maker's praise?

O

When

- 5 When scenes of wonder here they see,
 O may they tune a song to thee,
 And while the flood they safely ride,
 Bless the kind hand that smooths the tide.

HYMN XII. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be said
 To him that earth's foundation laid;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules his people by his word,
 And there as strong as his decrees,
 He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Whence then should doubts and fears
 arise?
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
 Slowly, alas! our mind receives
 The comfort that our maker gives.
- 4 O for a strong and lasting faith,
 To credit what the almighty saith,
 T' embrace the message of his son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 5 Then should the earth's vast pillars shake
 And all the wheels of nature break;
 Our steady souls would fear no more
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

6 Our

- 6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal builder reigns
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

- 1 **B**EGIN my tongue, some heav'nly
theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal king.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim, " salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying men ;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 (He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please ;
He speaks and that almighty breath
Fulfil his great decrees.

- 6 His very word of grace is strong,
 As that which built the skies ;
 The voice that rolls the stars along,
 Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, " Let the wide heaven be spread
 And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;
 " Abra'm, I'll be thy God he said,
 And he was Abra'm's God.
- 8 Oh ! might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, " thou art mine !"
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice
 And think my heav'n secure !
 I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

HYMN XIV. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race,
 Be pure before their God ?
 If he contend in righteousness
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
 I'll make no more pretence ;
 Not one of all my thousand faults
 Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong

- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?
- 4 Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their firm seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north
And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the
skies
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea;
Flies on the stormy wind; [way,
There's none can trace his wond'rous
Or his dark footsteps find.

HYMN XV. L. M.

- 1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar;
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodness, how amazing great,
And what a condescending God!

O 3.

3 God;

- 3 God who must stoop to view the skies
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform,
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 6 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace, [rise,
To the third heav'n our songs should
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN XVI. L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS, saith the high and lofty one,
“ I sit upon my holy throne ;
“ My name is GOD : I dwell on high :
“ Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 “ But I descend to worlds below,
“ On earth I have a mansion too :
“ The humble spirit and contrite
“ Is an abode of my delight.

“ The

- 3 "The humble soul my words revive :
"I bid the mourning sinner live :
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And ease the sorrows of the mind."
- 4 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Left we should faint, despair, and die :
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

HYMN XVII. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs
And dies if one be gone :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first :
Salvation to th' Almighty's name
That rear'd us from the dust.

While

- 5 While we have breath, or use our
Our Maker we'll adore : [tongues,
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN XVIII. S. M.

- 1 **B**Ehold ! what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprizing thing
That we should be unknown,
The jewish world knew not their king,
God's well beloved son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purify our souls from sin
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my father's love
I share a filial part,
Send thy good spirit from above
To cheer my drooping heart.

We

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN XIX. S. M.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our king,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen feed,
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our all-gracious God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty
And everlasting songs.

HYMN XX. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And break into a song,
Almighty love inspires my heart
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 No more will I indulge my fears,
Suspensions and complaints;
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?
- 3 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room.
- 4 " Yet said the Lord, should nature
change,
" And mothers monsters prove,
" Sion still dwells upon the heart
" Of everlasting love."

HYMN XXI. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our

- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here ex-
press'd,
Able to make us wise and blest'd;
The doctrines are divinely true
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye *British* isles who read his love.
In promises from heaven above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

Hymn XXII. C. M.

- 1 OPPRESS'D with sin and full of fears,
I fly to thee my Lord;
And no clear beam of hope appears
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my father's grace,
Does all my grief assuage:
Here his kind promises I trace,
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.

4 This

4 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

5 O may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command:
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

- 1 **E**Ternal sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.
- 3 The crowns of *British* princes shine
With rays above the rest.
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest'd.
- 4 Let Cesar's due be ever paid,
To Cesar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made,
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN XXIV. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The chearful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the *East*,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest, [shines.
Round the whole earth he flies and
- 3 Oh! like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.]
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes; [pure
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

HYMN XXV. L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry evening shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste
And I perhaps am near my home:
But he forgives my folies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head:
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart:
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving kindness on my heart.
- 5 Thus when the hour of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN XXVI. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days !
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN XXVII. C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise,
And tho' I oft forget his name,
Still he prolongs my days.
- 4 Great God, let all my hours be thine.
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN XXVIII. C. M.

- 1 GREAT sov'reign let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around :
O may a father's guardian love
This night my bed surround.
- 4 God is my sun, whose daily light,
My joy and safety brings ;
My feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN XXIX L. M.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ the son of God appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men so well,
He sent his son to pardon sin,
And save our souls from death and hell.

3 Sinners

- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
-

Hymns in Honor of CHRIST.

HYMN XXX. S. M.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the grace appears
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary the humble virgin bears
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 3 " Go, humble swains, said he,
" To David's city fly,
" The promis'd infant, born to-day,
" Doth in a manger lie.
- P 3
4. " With

- 4 "With looks and hearts serene
 "Go visit Christ our king"
 And straight a shining troop was seen,
 The shepherds heard them sing.
- 5 "Glory to God on high,
 "And heav'nly peace on earth,
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 "At our redeemer's birth."
- 6 In worship so divine
 Let saints employ their tongues,
 With the celestial hosts we join,
 And loud repeat their songs.
- 7 "Glory to God on high,
 "And heav'nly peace on earth
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 "At our redeemer's birth.

HYMN XXXI. As the 148th.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore:
 All are too mean,
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 My saviour forth.

2 But,

- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.
- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from
His father's throne
To make his grace
To mortals known.
- 4 Great prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came.
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued
And peace with heav'n.
- 5 Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide,
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.

O let

O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek,
The crooked way.

6 I love my shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

7 Now let my soul arise
And tread the tempter down,
My captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown !
A feeble faint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.

8 Should all the hosts of death
And pow'rs of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on :
I shall be safe
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

HYMN.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

- 1 **WE** bless the prophet of the Lord
Who comes with truth and grace,
Jesus, thy spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our high-priest above
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honor our exalted king,
How sweet are his commands,
He guards our souls from death and sin
By his victorious hands.
- 4 Hosanna to our father's name
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN XXXIII. S. M.

- 1 **RAISE** your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose

And

And bid him raise our wretched race,
From their abyfs of woes.

3 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
Justice stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
That finners might not die.

4 Then finners, dry your tears
Let hopelefs sorrows cease
Bow to the fceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace.

5 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the falvation thou haft brought
And love and praife thy name.

HYMN XXXIV. C. M.

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high-priest above,
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a fympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he has felt the fame.

3 But spotlefs, innocent and pure
The great redeemer flood.

While

While Satan's fiery darts he bore
And did resist to blood.

- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his sighs and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame,
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
God's mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

HYMN XXXV. C.M.

- 1 "COME hither all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy-laden sinners come;
" I'll give you rest from all your toils
" And raise you to my heav'nly home.
- 2 " They shall find rest that learn of me,
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Bless'd is the man whose shoulders
take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight;
" My

"My yoke is easy to his neck,
 "My grace shall make the burden light."

- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith and hope and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN XXXVI. C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our chearful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
 "To be exalted thus" [cry
 "Worthy the lamb" our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and pow'r divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air and earth and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name

Of

Of him who sits upon the throne,
And celebrate the lamb.

HYMN XXXVII. C. M.

- 1 **P**Lung'd in a gulph of guilt and woe
The wretched sinner lay,
Without one certain beam of hope
To clear his doubtful way.
- 2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld his helpless grief;
He saw and (O amazing love !)
He came to his relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh
And dwelt amongst the dead.
- 4 O ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Yes, we will praise thee, gracious Lord,
Our souls are all on flame ;
Hosanna round the spacious earth,
To thy beloved name.
- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold :

Q

But

But when ye raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN XXXVIII. L. M.

- 1 MY great redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Thou art my pattern, let me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN XXXIX. C. M.

- 1 GIVE me thy wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see

The

The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears
They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came,
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod
His zeal inspir'd their breast,
And following their incarnate Lord,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

Hymn XL. S. M.

1 **W**HO has believ'd thy word
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:

Q 2

Sorrows

Sorrows his chief acquaintance were
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away
And treated him with scorn :
Tho' 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 " But I'll prolong his days
" And make his kingdom stand,
" My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
" Shall prosper in his hand.

5 " Ten thousand captive slaves
" Releas'd from death and sin,
" Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
" And own his pow'r divine.

6 " Heav'n shall advance my son
" To joys that earth deny'd,
" Who saw the follies men had done,
" And bore their sins and died."

Hymn XLI. C.M.

1 BLESS'D morning, whose young
dawning rays
Beheld our rising Lord ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead redeemer lay,

Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty God,
The sacred hours we pay,
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious king;
Let heav'n and earth and rocks and seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.

HYMN XLII. C. M.

1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of light,
Who cloath'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft:
And to his father flies

Q 3

With

With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour dwells
And scatters blessings down ;
Jesus is seated near our God,
On his celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues
To reach his bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our victorious Lord.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HYMN XLIII. S. M.

1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we've not the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we read thy love
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable,

Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN XLIV. L. M.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful
night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest'd and
brake;
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he
spake?
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin
My friends, receive and eat the food;"
Then took the cup and blest'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 Do this (he cri'd) till time shall end
In mem'ry of your dying friend,
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord.
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return and we shall eat
The heav'nly supper of the lamb.

HYMN

HYMN XLV. S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our heavenly father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love
And he the first-born son.
- 3 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread
One body hath its sev'ral limbs
But Jesus is the head.
- 4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise,
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind:
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN XLVI. L. M.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies;
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And earthly objects court our eyes
To thrust our saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we
Apt to forget his lovely face, (have
And:

And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 While he is absent from our sight
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light
And live for ever near his face.

4 Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come:
We wait thy chariots awful wheels
To fetch our willing spirits home.

HYMN XLVII. C. M.

1 COME let us sing a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood
What sweet refreshments here ye found
From this reviving food.

3 The tree of life that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.

4 New life it spreads through dying hearts
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor

Vigor and joy the juice imparts
Without a sting behind.

5 Now let the flaming weapon stand
And guard all Eden's trees,
There's not a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.

6 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wond'rous hand has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

1 JESUS, the king invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each obedient guest.

2 The Lord! how glorious is his face,
How kind his smiles appear,
And O! what gracious words he says
To ev'ry humble ear.

3 "For you, the objects of my love,
"It was for you I died,
"Behold my hands, behold my feet
"And look into my side.

4 "These are the wounds for you I bore
"The tokens of my pains.

"When

“ When I came down to save your souls.
“ From misery and chains.

- 5 “ When hell and all its spiteful pow’rs
“ Stood dreadful in my way,
“ To rescue those dear lives of yours
“ I gave my own away.”

HYMN XLIX. L. M.

- 1 **S**itting around our father’s board
We raise our tuneful breath,
Our faith beholds the dying Lord
And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed
Thro’ which our pardons rise ;
The sinner views th’ atonement made
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
Procure us heav’nly crowns :
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O ! ’tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff’rings bear for thee.
Or equal thanks repay.
- 5 Victorious king ! what can we pay
For favours so divine ?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.

The

The Temper, Character, and Privilege of CHRISTIANS.

HYMN L. S. M.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place :
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The God who rules on high
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas :
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love ;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

5 There

- 5 There shall we see his face
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground

HYMN LI. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

R

3 'Tis

3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN LII. C. M.

1 **MY** GOD, my portion and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things ;
But they are not my God.

4 How

- 4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face
And I desire no more.

HYMN LIII. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.
- 3 All that I am and all I have
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My chearful hands resign.

HYMN LIV. C. M.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd now
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis GOD who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave :
He gives and (blessed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh,
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crowns our lives
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN LV. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
When

- 2 When thou array'st thine awful face,
In angry frowns without a smile;
We thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Thro' all the briars and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy list'd rod
Fall and correct us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

HYMN LVI. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry tear
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LVII. L. M.

- 1 **MY** GOD, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my GOD, my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy sov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey thy voice divine
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my GOD I find.

HYMN LVIII. S. M.

- 1 **WELCOME** sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The king himself comes near
And feasts his saints to-day;

Here

Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
In which my Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would be
In such a frame as this,
When from on earth she's call'd away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN LIX. C. M.

1 **G**OD is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my
And make my soul sincere ; (ways,
Then shall I stand before thy face
And find acceptance there.

HYMN

HYMN LX. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees:
He raises monarchs to their throne
And sinks them as he please.
- 4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays,
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet would I not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
O! may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The follow'rs of the Lamb.

HYMN LXI. C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence,
Of things beyond our sight, (sense
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us tho' we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN LXII. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Lord, descend and
dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength
Make our enlarged souls possess
And

And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length

- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, thro' Christ his son.

Hymn LXIII. C. M.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found
And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain,
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hopes of joys above !
How few affections there.
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.

Hymn.

HYMN LXIV. S. M.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 On us he bids the sun,
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.
- 3 When brutes obey their God
And bow their necks to men,
Shall we, with sense and reason blest,
Reject his easy reign?
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN LXV. L. M.

- 1 **S**Tand up my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird thy gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great captain-saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What

- 3 What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spight;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night,
- 4 What tho' thy inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
Where peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

HYMN LXVI. C. M.

- 1 **W**Hence do our mournful thoughts
arise,
And where's our courage fled?
Shall gloomy doubts and sad despair
Strike all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures

- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And saves their souls from hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die
And youthful vigor cease ;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN LXVII. C. M.

- 1 **M**istaken souls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above;

S

4 'Tis

- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her father's will
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his son to be
The minister of sin.

HYMN LXVIII. L. M.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our father God,
When the salvation reigns within
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and
Our inward piety approve. [love
- 4 Religion

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN LXIX. C. M.

- 1 **A**S new-born babes desire the breast
To feed and grow and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste
And by the gospel live.
- 2 Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 3 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within,
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
- 4 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.
- 5 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r
And joys that never fail.

S. 2

6 O happy

- 6 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat
And see his lovely face.
- 7 Lord I address thine heav'nly throne ;
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the spirit of thy son
To form my heart divine.
- 8 There shed thy choicest love abroad
And make my comforts strong
Then shall I say, " my father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN LXX. L. M.

- 1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace and joy and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong:
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue ;
Nor let our practice give offence
To saints, the gentile, or the jew.

HYMN LXXI. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare :
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste ;
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue :
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill
Tho' she endures the wrong.
- 4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time :
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above :
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN LXXII. L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great com-
mand,
"Let all thine inward pow'rs unite
S. 3. "To,

- " To love thy Maker and thy God
 " With utmost vigor and delight.
 2 " Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 " Share thine affections and esteem:
 " And let thy kindness to thyself
 " Measure and rule thy love to him."
 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
 4 But O! how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal!
 Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN LXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, the right path to thine abode,
 Lies thro' this dang'rous land:
 Yet we would keep that heav'nly road,
 And run at thy command.
 2 Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
 With undiverted feet:
 And faith and steady zeal subdue
 The terrors that we meet.
 3 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
 Tho' oft a chearing ray;

But

But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

4 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' fearful deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.

5 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And go to Zion's hill.

6 See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the fore-runner waits
To welcome trav'lers home.

7 There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

8 "Eternal glory to the king
Who brought us safely thro',"
Our tongues shall never cease to sing
And endless praise renew.

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures

Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2. Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
From heav'n the streams of mercy flow,
A healing balm for all their woe.
3. Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
4. Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.
5. Bless'd are the souls that always move
And melt with sympathy and love:
From CHRIST the LORD shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
6. Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are
From the defiling pow'r of sin: [clean
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
7. Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd

- 8 Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake :
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN LXXV. L. M.

- 1 **L**ord, how secure and blest'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
sea [within.
Their minds have heav'n and peace
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads
Made up of innocence and love:
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick, as their thoughts, their joys come
But fly not half so swift away: [on,
Their souls are often bright as noon
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and chearful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 5 They look beyond earth's golden toys
And spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.
- 6 Forbid

- 6 Forbid it Lord that we like moles
Should grovel in the dust below:
We ask thy grace to aid our souls
For we aspire to glory too.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

1. **S**ALVATION! O, the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2. Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
In night's dark shades we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN LXXVII. C. M.

1. **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke,

2. But

- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of Angels cloath'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to fight.
- 4 Behold the blest'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declare
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make:
All join in CHRIST their living head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest'd.

Hymn LXXVIII. S. M.

- 1 **H**OW welcome are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal.

How

- 2 How chearing is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN LXXIX. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God
The Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2. When

- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his son,
And call'd him to the sky;
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept
'Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till Christ shall call us home.

Hymn LXXX. C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave?
"And where the monster's sting."

T

3 If

- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure :
 Death hath no sting beside ;
 The law gives sin condemning pow'r,
 But Christ, my Saviour died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'rors when we die
 Thro' Christ our living head.

HYMN LXXXI. C. M.

- 1 **T**HO' death my body will dissolve
 And bear my spirit home ;
 Yet faith can look beyond the grave,
 And triumph o'er the tomb.
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord ;
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
 A crown that cannot fade ;
 The righteous Judge at that great day
 Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all that love and long to see
 Th' appearance of his son.

Jefus

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. *Amen.*

L I F E, D E A T H,
A N D
A F U T U R E S T A T E.

HYMN LXXXII. L. M.

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'insure the great reward,
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

T 2

Now

- 3 Now what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground,
- 4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
Then let us pardon now obtain,
Nor spend our day of grace in vain.

HYMN LXXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **T**IME, what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say "They're here";
But only say they're past.
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And Death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share:
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

'Tis

- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound ;
And be his name ador'd.
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
'Till time and nature dies.

HYMN LXXXIV. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbecclouded eyes.
- 6 Could we but stand as Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams nor Death's cold
 flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXXXV. C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
 For all the pious dead; [claims
 Sweet is the favour of their names
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suff'rings and from sin releas'd
 And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXVI. C. M.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at Death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from above.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And banish'd all its gloom.
- 4 The grave of all his saints he bless'd
And soft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying head.
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground:
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXVII. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high;
 And here my spirit waiting stands
 'Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolv'd and fall;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heav'n;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon his word;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

HYMN LXXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense, nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepar'd
 For those that love the Son.

But

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None can obtain admittance there
But follow'rs of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found :
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN LXXXIX. C. M.

- 1 OUR sins, alas ! how strong they be !
And like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !
How loud the tempests roar !
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

There

- 3 There to fulfil his sweet commands
 Our speedy feet shall move;
 No sin shall cloy our winged zeal,
 Or cool our ardent love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in ev'ry face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and salvation be
 The close of ev'ry song.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

HYMN XC. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise! how divine
 To Abra'm and his seed!
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 "Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
 From age to age endure;

The

The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the antient faith confirms
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children in his arms
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God ! how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same :
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out our children's name.

HYMN XCI. C. M.

1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath ;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

The

- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls!
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy my blifs so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN XCII. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God! to what a glorious
height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels in all their robes of light
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.
- 3 Lord! when I leave this mortal ground
And thou shalt bid me rise and come:
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN

HYMN XCIII. L. M.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord,
Thy hands have brought salvation down
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 What if we trace the globe around
And search from Britain to Japan,
There will be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 4 Not the feign'd fields of Heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasure in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
- 5 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanities and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN XCIV. L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
U
Jehovah

Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restored the fallen creature, man.
- 3 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 4 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the vain world esteems it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.
- 5 May but this grace my soul renew,
Tho' sinners gaze and hate me too,
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.
- 6 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

Hymn XCV. C. M.

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run;
Ye

Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God ! our soul's admire ;
Thee our glad voices sing ;
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs,
Thine haughty foes devise.

4 Thy power restrains their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice :
But gloomy caverns strove in vain,
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd ;
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare,
Their cruel hands had laid.

7 Almighty grace, defend our land
From all their hurtful pow'r ;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMNS

HYMN XCVI. L. M.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met,
Whilst on their heads the spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And pow'r to kill and pow'r to save ?
Furnish'd their tongues with won'drous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From east to west ; from south to north ;
“ Go and assert your Saviour's cause ;
Go spread the myst'ry of his cross.”
- 4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 5 Great King of grace ! my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

APPENDIX

A P P E N D I X.

HYMN XCVII. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul furveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves to pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless step I ran,

Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And, thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

P A U S E.

- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 11 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,

My

My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

- 13 Thro' all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XCVIII. L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What

- 5 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN XCIX. Proper Tune.

- 1 **A**NGELS! roll the rock away ;
Hallelujah,
Death yield up thy mighty prey ;
See he rises from the tomb ;
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise,
Let the world's remotest bound,
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Shout ye saints, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong ;
Shout the son of GOD, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.
- 4 Hail, victorious Jesus, hail,
On thy cloud of glory sail.

In

In long triumph thro' the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

- 5 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero ! through them ride,
King of glory mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own.
- 6 Powers of heaven, seraphic fires,
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres,
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 7 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell !
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

HYMN C. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Abra'm full of sacred awe
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom su'd.
- 2 With what success, what wond'rous grace
Was his petition crown'd,
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found !
- 3 And

- 3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Good God! and shall a nation cry
And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Britain, all-guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast:
See their united pray'rs ascend,
And shall these pray'rs be lost?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in antient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in her crimes?
- 6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blest our land,
Forfake us not, O God!
- 7 O may our people, priests and king,
Thy choicest blessings share;
And know thee by that gracious name,
The God who heareth prayer.

HYMN CI. As the 113th PSALM.

- 1 SAY should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found
As dwells in Britain's favor'd isle?
Here

- Here plenty reigns ; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads,
And bids our bleakest mountains smile.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore :
Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teacheth us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 These are thy gifts, almighty King !
From thee our matchless blessings spring
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The raptures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 4 With grateful hearts with chearful tongues
To God we raise united songs ;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim ;
Britons, through ev'ry age shall own
Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 5 Long as the moon her course shall run
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may God in Britain reign ;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.

HYMN

HYMN CII. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y helper, God ! I bless his name :
The same his pow'r, his grace the
The tokens of his friendly care [same,
Open, and crown, and close the year,
- 2 Amidst ten thousand ills I stand
Supported by his guardian hand :
And see when I survey my ways
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known :
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs command.
- 4 My grateful soul on life's frail shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more :
Then bear in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN CIII. L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with
peace :
From thee they sprang, and by thy hand
Their roots and branches are sustain'd.

2 To

- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd :
Who Lord of heav'n scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee, may each united house,
Morning and night present its vows :
Our servants there and rising race
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN CIV. C. M.

- 1 **MY** GOD, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I find
My happiness secure.
- 2 What tho' my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire,
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
Jesus my Saviour and my friend,
And heav'n my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love :

X

And

And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

- 5 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

Hymn CV. C. M.

- 1 **T**HRIce happy souls, who born from
heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes, with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought.
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,

We'll

- We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast,
And trusting in thy watchful care,
Resign our pow'rs to rest.
- 8 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN CVI. C. M

- 1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief;
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And tears of love and wonder flow
In torrents from your eyes.

- 4 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The Conq'ror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonour'd head;
 And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
 His empty tomb survey;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord,
 Thro' all his shining way.

HYMN CVII. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, everlasting Prince of Peace!
 Hail, Governor divine!
 How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!
 What gentle laws are thine!
- 2 His tender heart with love o'erflow'd,
 Love spokē in ev'ry breath;
 Vig'rous it reign'd thro' all his life,
 And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 All these united charms he shews,
 Our frozen souls to move;
 This proof of love to him demands,
 That we each other love.
- 4 O be the sacred law fulfill'd,
 In ev'ry act and thought;

Each

Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

5. Be thou, my heart, dilated wide,
By thy Redeemer's grace;
And in one grasp of fervent love
All earth and heav'n embrace.

HYMN CVIII. C. M.

1. **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
2. 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The Pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
4. All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our
faults,
Lord, how should we appear?
5. May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;

And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN CIX. C. M.

- 1 **E**Nquire, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent pray'r.
- 4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.
- 5 Come, let us seal, without delay,
Th' cov'nant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.
- 6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their father's God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

HYMN

HYMN CX. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With chearful hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
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